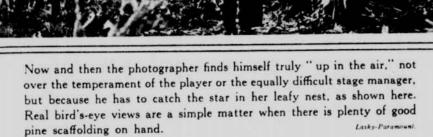
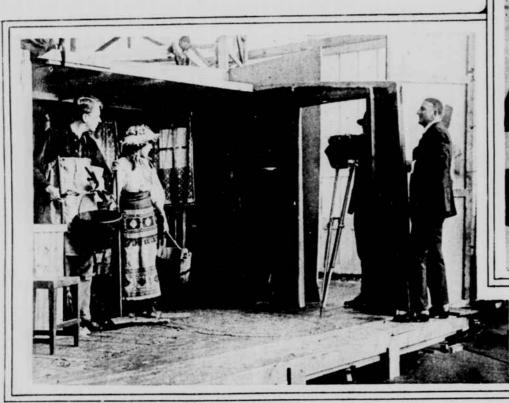


Where's the cameraman?



The man at the crank may at any time be called upon not only to hang his best coat on a hickory limb, but also to go near, and into, the water. Cold pedal extremities need not be feared here, for he is working in the gentle waters of the Bermuda ocean.

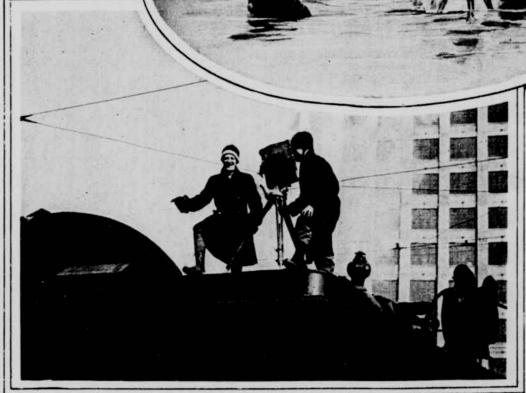




When Milly elopes with the handsome traffic policeman and we see them speeding away in the patrol car borrowed for the purpose, it is safe to assume that the cameraman is perched on the radiator like this. He need not ask any points from even the mechanic hanging on the side of a racing automobile, after such experiences as that shown above.



The heroine, after the manner of her kind, is caught in a motor wreck. This does not trouble the slumbers of the cranksman, for he may immortalize the occurrence from a comfortable platform in the midst of the debris, or, like the man to the left, catch his pictures from the brink of a wetting.



The mechanic's day often calls for temporary change into a man-of-the-road. The cameraman becomes as familiar with locomotives as a trained engineer, after a few thrilling rides with his inanimate side-partner on the tender of a fast flyer.



Filming a real star-fish, or a fish-star, requires meeting her in her own element. A bathing suit does the work, and the camera, with its long legs, simply wades in to the desired depth. The result is a view apparently from the eyes of a floating nautilus,-or a Uboat conning tower. For Fan